

S I X  
S O N G S  
F O R  
C O N V E R S A T I O N :

H 1619 d

T H E  
Words by divers Hands.

T H E  
T U N E S contrived to make agreeable little  
Lessons for the *Harpfichord, Viol, Violin,*  
and *Hautboy.*

T R A N S P O S E D

Into proper Keys for the *German*, or common *Flute.*

O F F E R ' D

In all Gratitude, as a N E W Y E A R ' S G I F T to the P U B L I C K .

By *H E N R Y C A R E T .*

V O L . I I . P A R T I .

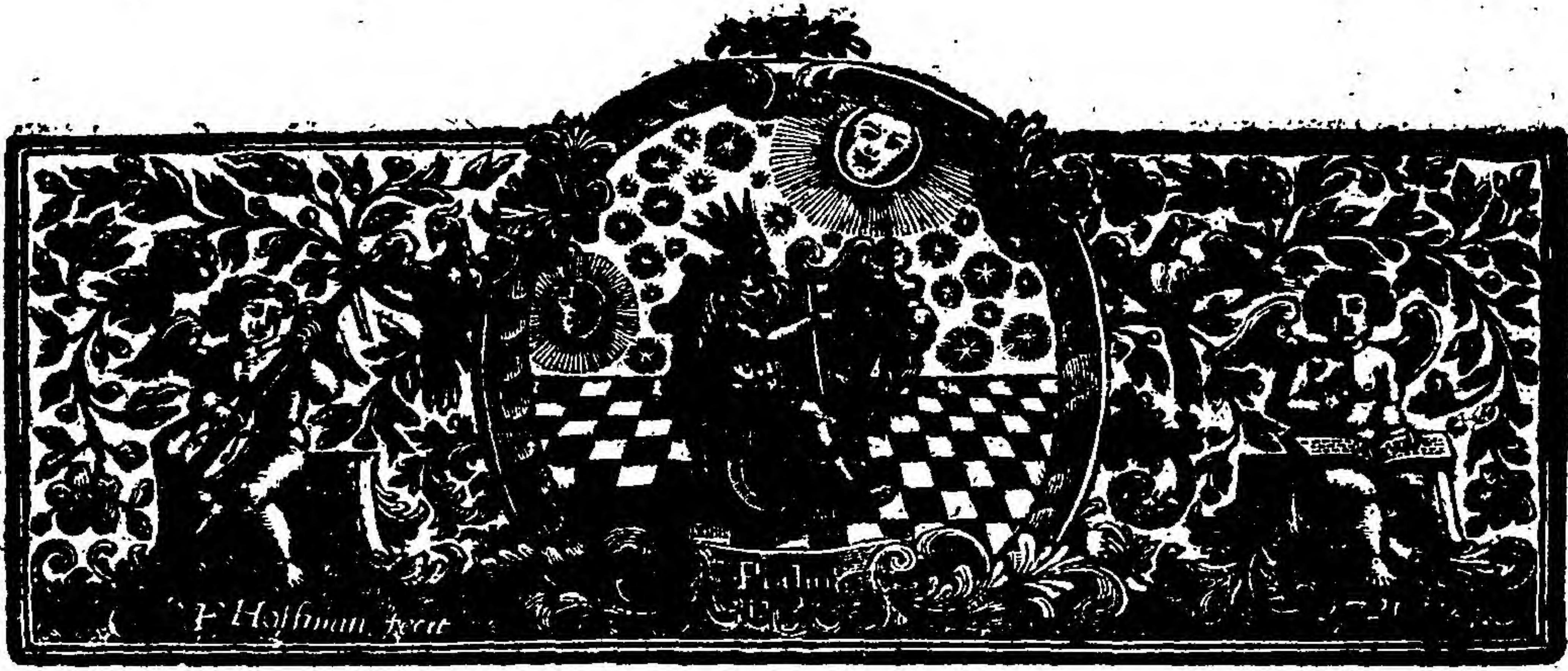
L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1728. and sold at the *Music Shops.*

[Price One Shilling.]

N. B. *The first Volume is now Reprinting, and will be publish'd with all Speed.*





To my much Honoured Friend

*Mr.* JOSEPH GREEN,

I N

Whose agreeable Company I have  
spent many delightful Hours :

T H E S E

S I X S O N G S

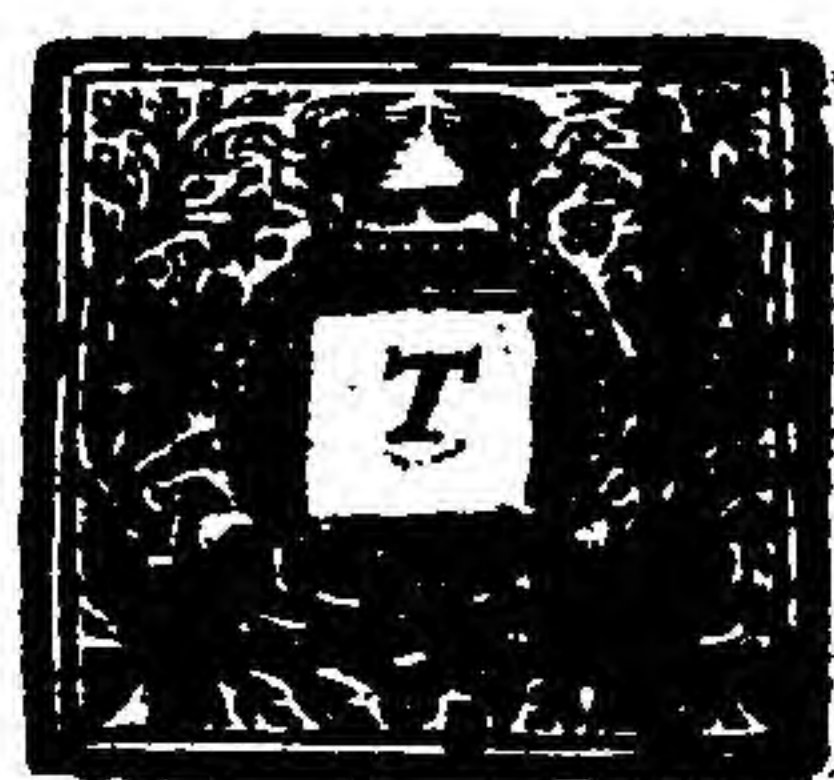
Are most Humbly Dedicated,

By his Obedient Servant

H. CAREY.



# The P R E F A C E.



THE generous Reception my former Performances met with, open'd the Mouth of Envy against me, and gave my Enemies Opportunity to brand me with the Title of Ballad-maker; which, at that time did me no small Prejudice among the undiscerning Part of Mankind: And so far piqued me, I determin'd never to compose more. But finding on Reflection, that the greatest Poets have made Ballads, nor have the most eminent Musicians disdain'd to set 'em; and that, even during my Silence, many were publish'd by other Hands, with good Success: I alter'd my peevish Resolution, and re-embrace'd my long rejected Muse; hoping, that what was Merit in others, would not be esteem'd a Crime in me. If I understand a-right the Word Ballad, it implies a Song sung at a Ball\*, tho' now it is generally applied to any Song, where two or more Verses are sung to the same Tune; if so, the Odes of the Divine *Horace* are but Ballads, nor are *Tamo tanto*, *Per la Gloria*, and many other excellent Opera Airs I could mention, any better.

It is therefore highly injurious to Poetry and Music, to esteem a Poem the worse for being in Stanzas, or undervalue an Air because it may be sung to more Verses than one.

Were it not for Songs of this Nature, Company would oftentimes grow dull and insipid; why then should good Sense or good Music be depreciated for a Word's sake? And a Poet or Musician derided for supplying the Town with such Helps to Conversation.

There are, however, many Persons of exquisite Taste, who esteem a Song ne'er the worse for being term'd a Ballad; but, that these slight Airs may not seem my *ne plus Ultra*, my next Present to the Publick shall be *Cantatas*: In the mean time I hope, *I go to the Elizian Shade*, will pass for somewhat more than a Ballad.

Patroniz'd by the Generous and Good, I now despise the Malice of Underlings; nor am I to be laugh'd out of a Talent which may afford Diversion to my Friends, or Profit to my self; but, spight of Envy; I shall in Gratitude for Favours receiv'd, exhibit my little Labours, as Occasion Offers, and these find Encouragement.

\* A *Balade* or *Balet*, or *Roundelay*; in French *Balade*, in Latin *Tripudium*, a Daunce, quod ejusmodi cantationes apud Gallos tripudiis adaptari soleant. In Spanish *Balada* from *Baylar* to daunce.



# Love & Prudence

The Words by a Lady, Set by M<sup>r</sup> Carey.

*slow.*

Alone by a Fountain I press the cold Ground, I press y<sup>e</sup> cold  
Ground, lest y<sup>e</sup> Rocks & the Mountain my grief should resound: For y<sup>e</sup>  
Man thats so dear, I'll never discover, no never discover, lest y<sup>e</sup> Eccho  
should hear, the Eccho should hear & repeat to my Lover.

The pains that invade me  
I never will tell,  
No never will tell;  
Lest the World should upbraid me  
With Loving too well:  
If my truth cannot move,  
No fondness I'll show,  
No fondness I'll show;  
'Tis enough that I Love,  
Enough that I Love,  
And too much he should know.

*Flute.*

*Gross Sculp.*







# The Wheedler.

The Words by an unknown hand, Set by M. Carey.

*brisk*

In vain dear Chloe you suggest, that I, Inconstant  
have posset, or Lov'd a fairer She: But if at once you  
would be cur'd, of all the ills you have endur'd, look  
in your Glass and see.

2  
And if perchance if there should find  
A Nymph more Lovely or more kind,  
You've reason for your tears:  
But if impartial you will prove,  
Both to your Beauty & my Love,  
How needless are those fears.

3  
If in my way I should by chance,  
Give, or receive a wanton glance,  
I like but whilst I view:  
How faint if glance, how slight if kiss,  
Compar'd to that substantial bliss,  
I still receive from you.

4  
With wanton flight if curious Bee,  
From Flower to Flower still wanders free  
& where each Blossom blows:  
Extracts if Juice of all he meets,  
& for his Quintessence of Sweets,  
He Ravishes if Rose.

5  
So I my leisure to employ,  
In each variety of Joy,  
From Nymph to Nymph do roame.  
Perhaps see Fifty in a Day,  
They are but visits which I pay,  
For Chloe's still my home.

Flute.

Cross Sulp.



# The Dying Swan.

4

The Words from an old Author, Set by Mr Carey.

*Slow.*

2  
And, tho' she ne'er had stretch'd her Throat,  
Or tun'd her Voice before;  
Death (ravish'd with so sweet a Note,)  
A while the Stroke forbore.

3  
Farewel, she cryd, ye Silver Streams;  
Sweet purling Streams adieu!  
Where Phæbus us'd to dart his beams,  
And bless both me & you.

4  
Farewel, ye tender whistling Reeds;  
Soft Scenes of happy Love!  
Farewel ye dear Enamel'd Meads,  
Where I was wont to rove.

5  
No more with you must I converse,  
See! yonder setting Sun,  
Attends, while I my last rehearse,  
& then I must be gone.

6  
Weep not, my tender, constant Mate!  
We'll meet again below;  
It is the Fixt decree of Fate,  
& I with pleasure go.

Flute.

Cross Sculp.



# The Nightingale.

5

The Words by Mr. Welsted, Set by Mr. Carey.

*Gently*

While in a Bower w<sup>th</sup> beauty blest, y<sup>e</sup> lov'd, y<sup>e</sup> lov'd Amintor lies;

while sinking on Lucinda's breast, he fondly, fondly kiss'd her Eyes:

A wakeful Nightingale who long had mourn'd, had mourn'd within y<sup>e</sup> Shade

sweetly rememb'd her plaintive Song, & war — bled through the Glade.

Melodious Songstresses! cry'd y<sup>e</sup> Swain,  
 To Shades, to Shades less happy go;  
 Or, if thou wilt with us remain,  
 Forbear, forbear thy tuneful roe:  
 While in Lucinda's arms I lie,  
 To Song, to Song, I am not free;  
 On her soft bosome, while I die,  
 I dis — cord find in thee.

Flute.

Cross Sculp.



# The Romp. Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Cibber in *Provok'd Husband*.

Words & Music by M<sup>r</sup> Carey.

*Gig time.*

Oh I'll have a Husband ay marry, for why should I longer tarry, for  
 why should I longer tarry, than other brisk Girls have done: For if I stay till  
 I grow grey, they'll call me old Maid, & fusty old Gade, so I'll no longer  
 tarry, but I'll have a Husband ay marry, if money can buy me one.

My Mother she says I'm too coming;  
 & still in my Ears she is drumming,  
 & still in my Ears she is drumming,  
 That I such vain thoughts should shun:  
 My Sisters they cry,  
 Oh fye, & Oh fye!  
 But, yet I can see,  
 They're as coming as me;  
 So, let me have Husbands in plenty,  
 I'd rather have Twenty times Twenty;  
 Than dye an old Maid Undone.

Flute.

Gross Sculp.